

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



NEW YEAR
NUMBER

VOL. LIII

JANUARY, 1934

NO. 3

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The Register

VOL. LIII

JANUARY

No. 3



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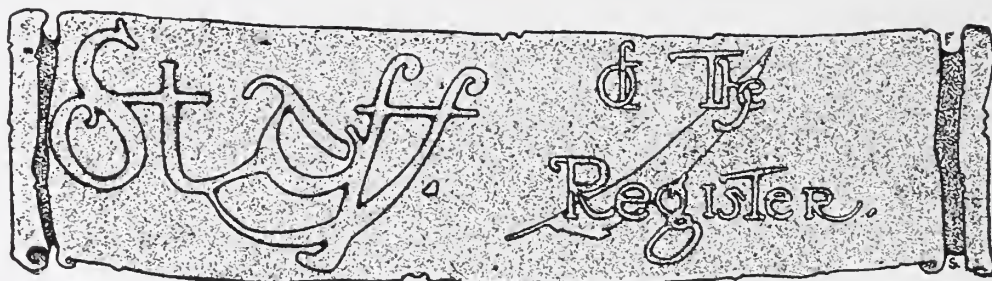


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MIDSTREAM

And so almost half the school year has passed. . . .

Our position now resembles that of a swimmer who must swim a lake in a certain time, and has already reached the midpoint of that lake. Will he fight to gain the opposite shore (and with it success) in his allotted time? Or will he foolishly give up the struggle and drift feebly back to his starting point? Having succeeded thus far in keeping afloat, it would be stupid for him to lose everything by turning back. Rather, let him redouble his efforts and take the chance of continuing.

Still, here in midstream, it would not be amiss to pause awhile and take stock of our position. Behind us, almost four months—months which for some meant harder work than for others, because the work was new and they were forced to study long hours in order to master it; and before us,

more than five months which should mean work for everybody. But "work" will connote different things to different boys. To some it will mean merely a continuation and a furthering of those studies which they labored so assiduously to master (and DID master) during the first half. They should experience no undue difficulty because they have built themselves a firm foundation. But others, who at this stage are either failing or dangerously close to it, should find in the next half of the year, an opportunity first to catch up and then to build up.

Let no one lose courage; that is the main thing.

S. I. A.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF COLLEGE BOARD EXAMINATIONS JUNE, 1933

Editor's Note

Just as the College Board Examinations are an annual procedure, so the publication of their results has become annually for the Latin School an occasion which calls for the displaying of two emotions, pleasure and pride. The following statistics, then, as compiled by Mr. Dunn, are presented as the results of last year's examinations.

	No. taking Exam.	No. Passing	Percent Passing
ENGLISH 1-2			
Country	838	525	62.6
B. L. S.	189	138	73.0
Other schools	649	387	59.6
FRENCH Cp 2			
Country	3473	2240	64.5
B. L. S.	222	201	91.0
Other schools	3251	2039	62.7
FRENCH Cp 3			
Country	3438	2238	65.1
B. L. S.	35	32	91.0
Other schools	3403	2206	64.8
FRENCH B			
Country	1111	818	73.6
B. L. S.	42	41	98.0
Other schools	1069	777	72.7
GERMAN Cp 2			
Country	949	700	73.8
B. L. S.	203	195	96.0
Other schools	746	505	67.7

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	No. taking Exam.	No. Passing	Percent Passing
GERMAN Cp 3			
Country	265	201	75.8
B. L. S.	3	3	100.
Other schools	262	198	75.6
GERMAN B			
Country	154	137	89.0
B. L. S.	40	40	100.
Other schools	114	97	85.1
GREEK Cp 2			
Country	117	97	82.9
B. L. S.	49	45	92.0
Other schools	68	52	76.5
GREEK Cp 3			
Country	47	42	89.4
B. L. S.	3	3	100.
Other schools	44	39	88.6
GREEK Cph.			
Country	45	40	88.9
B. L. S.	8	7	88.0
Other schools	37	33	89.2
HISTORY D			
Country	3486	2384	68.4
B. L. S.	154	137	89.0
Other Schools	3332	2347	67.4
LATIN Cp 3			
Country	2670	1770	66.3
B. L. S.	271	250	92.0
Other schools	2399	1520	63.3
LATIN Cp 4			
Country	1214	857	70.6
B. L. S.	20	19	95.0
Other schools	1194	838	70.2
LATIN Cp H			
Country	1266	1075	84.9
B. L. S.	115	106	92.0
Other schools	1151	106	82.0

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	Exam. No. taking	Passing No.	Passing Percent
MATH. A			
Country	5202	3933	75.6
B. L. S.	279	229	82.0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Other schools	4923	3704	75.2
MATH. D			
Country	900	584	64.9
B. L. S.	26	26	100.
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Other schools	874	558	63.8
MATH. E			
Country	1178	889	75.8
B. L. S.	29	28	97.0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Other schools	1144	861	75.3
PHYSICS			
Country	3005	1980	65.9
B. L. S.	156	125	80.0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Other schools	2849	1855	65.1
Country	33,375	23,494	70.4
B. L. S.	2,123	1,884	88.7
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
TOTAL	31,252	21,610	69.1

COLLEGE BOARD EXAMINATIONS JUNE, 1933 HIGHEST MARKS

FOR ENTIRE COUNTRY

GERMAN Cp 2	94	6	3	Pratiner, M. Klein, B. Herscovitz, H.
GERMAN B	94	6	4	Koslow, M. Nexon, H. H. Zaugg, E. L. Bridgett, A. W.
GREEK Cp 2	97	1	1	Anastos, C. G.
GREEK Cp 3	99	1	1	Megalonakis, J.
GREEK Cp H	97	1	1	Miller, H. B.

LATIN Cp 3	95	38	11	Franklin, J.	Liansky, I.
				Linchitz, S. A.	Brown, C. A.
				Damon, A.	Copel, J.
				Murphy, P. K.	Kanter, S. S.
				Archer, G. L.	Miller, H. I.
				Innes, G. L.	
LATIN Cp H	95	36	6	Foss, F. T.	Sugarman, J.
				McCarthy, J. W.	Rosen, H. J.
				Cohen, S. G.	Sullivan, W. J.
MATH. A	100	38	2	Burke, J. G.	Resnick, S.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NORWOOD DEBATE

Si vales bene est; ego valeo. What every boy should know about the debate with Norwood High.

As usual, the exciting contest did not begin until 8:30, half an hour after the scheduled time. Mr. Roland, now at Commerce, strode up to the rostrum and introduced Bernstein, with another of his excellent solos. At the conclusion of the solo, Mr. Roland announced that, since Brown had not been able to come, our boys would pit their forensic abilities against the representatives of Norwood High. Our visitors strolled onto the stage: the first two, girls, and two very serious young men. Latin School was ably represented by Parker, Blackman, and Daunt. Mr. Roland introduced the subject: "Should a State system of liquor control based on the Quebec system be used in this country?" And the teams went at it.

Latin School, for once upholding the affirmative, stressed the good points of the Quebec system: that those qualified to drink may get liquor, that a distinction is made as to the potencies of intoxicants, and that local option is observed. However, these arguments

were put forth emphatically in Parker's opening seven-minute speech, and the rest of our side of the affair was rather humdrum. Norwood did nothing except deny whatever our boys declared. During the interlude between speeches and rebuttal, the meeting was immensely enlivened by the great number of upper-classmen who were present.

But when Miss Blanche Holman rose to speak, the boys hitched up their chairs, or at least tried to; but Miss Holman unfortunately ruined the force of her argument by obvious inconsistency. As a result, she gave Parker a loophole through which he tore her whole speech apart by his invective, worthy of being called a fifteenth Philippic, truly the most interesting speech of the evening. His inherent chivalry did not outrage his necessary logic. As Parker's was the last speech of the evening, and there was to be no decision (lest we hurt Norwood's feelings), the audience realized that "that's all there is; there ain't no more," and quietly passed out into the night. *Leon Levinson, '35.*

THE DEATH OF CLITUS

Contemptuously Clitus of Macedon surveyed the sumptuously furnished banquet table with its gluttonous banqueters. Here, he reflected, at this table were seated the best blood of Greece and Macedon, side by side with the servile Persian favorites of Alexander. Here in this hall, feasting in inglorious inaction, were the officers of the mightiest army in the world, the army that had conquered Greece and the empire of Darius. There, at the head of the table, sat young Alexander the Great, garbed in the hateful Persian costume and surrounded by barbarian sycophants. Alas, to what depths had the glory of Macedon fallen!

As the old warrior raised the wine-bowl to his lips, he called to mind Alexander's illustrious sire, Philip of Macedon, who, by his sagacity and perseverance, had subdued the whole Greek peninsula. How enraged he would have been, had he known that his own son could have descended to idle feasting and self-indulgence; have assumed the Persian tunic and tiara; and most shameful of all, that he was now requiring even the free-born Hellenes to do him servile obeisance. Zeus! Did the insolent youth imagine himself a Persian despot, renouncing all the proud traditions of his Grecian forebears and expecting slavish genuflections from all who sought audience with him, even from him Clitus? Had the young ingrate forgotten how he, with his own hand, had saved him when menaced by Spithradates' scimitar at Granicus, how he had risked his very life to deflect the murderous blow of the barbarian? Seething with indignation, Clitus drained another bowl of wine.

"Alexander the Great!" he mused

scornfully. And for what reason "Great?" For his sagacity, his temperance, his greatness of mind? Perhaps he was once possessed of these qualities; but now he was great only for his heedlessness, ingratitude and cruelty. And as for his conceit, it exceeded all bounds. A descendant of the gods! A son of Jupiter Ammon! What an insolent and preposterous claim to make in the presence of those whose fathers had conquered at Marathon and Plataea! And above all, how dared he treat with insult and contempt that body of invincible veterans, the Macedonian phalanx, who had won the empire for him? A third time Clitus imbibed the fiery liqueur.

As the alcoholic fumes mounted to his head, the doughty warrior called to mind the recent assassination of the venerable Parmenio, the horror of which was still fresh in the minds of every Greek and Macedonian. It was but a month or two ago that Alexander, yielding to the insidious suggestions of his barbarian flatterers, the general's enemies had dispatched an assassin to Parmenio. For mere unreasoning suspicion, he had condemned to brutal death the most loyal and beloved commander in the entire Macedonian army, the sagacious general who had staunchly stood by him in every engagement. And to share his grave, the bloody tyrant had slaughtered Parmenio's son, Philotas.

As Clitus poured down his throat the last draught of wine he was ever to taste on this earth, the sound of drunken singing smote his ears. A group of hilarious young officers near Alexander were chanting a comic song deriding Phranicus, an unfortunate Macedonian who had been defeated by the barbarians in a recent engage-

ment. He flushed with anger as he caught the offensive words, and turned expectantly towards Alexander. Surely the prince would not allow one of his officers to be derided in the presence of barbarians. But though some of the others protested, Alexander merely laughed and bade the singers go on.

With an oath, Clitus sprang to his feet, overturning his chair in his impetuosity. "You do well, O Alexander," he cried in a voice that shook with indignation, "to applaud these thoughtless fools who ridicule loyal officers of Macedon. You do well to abet them in their insolence, holding the Macedonian name up to scorn and derision before these barbarians and sycophants. Yet, I swear that, though unfortunate enough to be overcome in one engagement, the Macedonians are much better men than those who ridicule them!"

Alexander looked up, at first astonished; then his alcoholic joviality gave way to alcoholic rage, for he too was the worse for paying undue homage to Dionysus. "Indeed, Clitus," he blazed; "you ought to plead for Phranicus, giving cowardice the name of misfortune, for by doing so, you plead your own cause!"

"Cowardice!" the old warrior retorted. "Did you call me guilty of cowardice? Well, then, it is ~~this~~ cowardice, as you are pleased to term it, that saved your life when you fled from the sword of Spithradates; it is through the sacrifice of Macedonian blood and through these wounds I bear that you are now raised to such a height as to disown your father Philip, and call yourself a descendant of Ammon!"

"Wretch!" cried Alexander, purple with fury. "Do you think you can utter these insults to my face, in the presence of these, my friends, and es-

cape punishment? Do you imagine you can corrupt the minds of the Macedonians, turning them against me, and escape my resentment?"

"We are already sufficiently punished," Clitus flung back, "if this is our reward to our devotion to you. We should esteem those fortunate who have not lived to see their countrymen scourged with Median rods and forced to sue the Persians for access to their king."

By this time the crowded hall was in an uproar; every one was on his feet, striving to make himself heard over the tumult. Some of the younger men began to revile Clitus, calling him a traitor and a blackguard, while Clitus' friends angrily retorted in his defense. Some of the saner minds tried their best to quiet the disorder, calling upon the turbulent partisans to remember their dignity and not descend to vulgar brawling. But above the uproar, Clitus' resounding challenge rang out, "Speak, Alexander, if you have anything to say; or else why do you invite to your feast free-born men who speak their mind without restraint? If you resent candor, go to your barbarians and slaves, who scruple not to bow before your Persian girdle and white tunic."

This was the crowning insult; the enraged prince now completely lost control of himself. Seizing a goblet, he hurled it at the head of his tormentor; it grazed his scalp and smashed against the wall behind him. Infuriated, Alexander pawed around for his sword, vowing the while the instant destruction of the offender. Unable to find it (for one of his friends had prudently hidden it) he bellowed out to the guards in the Macedonian tongue, commanding them to cut down the dog instantly.

Fearing for his life, Clitus' friends

closed about him, and with much difficulty forced him from the room, still raving at Alexander. When he was finally ejected, all returned to their seats, relieved that the dangerous situation had not resulted in bloodshed. Still seething, the drunken prince was led back to his chair, vowing vengeance on the hateful wretch. But just as all were seating themselves once more and were trying to regain their composure, they were electrified to see Clitus reappear in another doorway, impudently chanting the verses out of Euripides "Andromache,"—

"In Greece, alas, how ill things ordered are!"

Instantly, Alexander was galvanized into action. Before anyone could stop him, he bounded to his feet and

snatched a spear from a nearby guard-man. Bellowing with insane rage, he dashed at his reviler and plunged the weapon deep into his body. Clitus fell with a cry and a groan, deluging the floor with his blood.

A great change seemed to come over the king. As if by magic, his anger evaporated, leaving him speechless and stupefied. Slowly he pulled the spear out of the lifeless corpse, regarding his work with inexpressible horror. Then, with a cry of anguish, he turned the spear-point towards his own throat, and attempted to do instant penance over the corpse of his friend. Prevented, however, by those about him, he was led away to his chamber, shaking with convulsive sobs, there to mourn his heinous crime.

Gleason L. Archer, Jr., '34.

SONG OF LIFE

Life's dream is lost in an endless night,
A speck in the depths of gloom,
A moment in Time's eternal flight,
A thread in Destiny's loom.



The antics of Man seem scarcely divine
As he struggles on earthly sod.
But can there be poetry more sublime
Than this poem created by God?



An Epic as sweet as the morning dews,
As stern as the stinging rod;
Yes, truly, a poem fit for the Muse—
Yes, truly, a poem of God!

Dana A. Schnittkind, '35.



FAR FROM ATHENS

Montana — setting of many a thrilling story, scene of several gold rushes, and battlefield of countless Indian wars. For those who are unfamiliar with this, the "Treasure State," the western boundary runs northwest, and the Rocky Mountains cross the state from North to South in a strip about a hundred miles wide, with their spurs and outlying ranges occupying nearly a fourth of the state's area; the remaining portion consists chiefly of the Great Plains.

A year or two ago I was traveling in this beautiful state with my father and a Mr. Blackwood, a native. We were there on business, soliciting large consignments of wool and buying a few carloads of sheep. At the suggestion of Mr. Blackwood, however, we headed for the mountains for two weeks of relaxation and fishing.

For two days we traveled west over the vast plains—country covered, for the most part, only with bunch-grass, which grows in tufts, leaving ground visible between and from early summer on gives the whole prairie a yellow-brown appearance except where this sameness is broken by little patches of bright-green cactus or an occasional bunch of sage-brush. A large part of the time we were on Indian Reservations, first the Fort Belknap and then the Blackfeet a bit farther west. Here and there in these Reservations were the Indians' little huts and tepees; they continue to live in their wigwams until winter drives them into their warmer huts. Near the tepee were large quantities of dark-red "Jerked" meat drying in the hot sun covered with swarms of buzzing flies. As many as four or five thin mongrel dogs snooped about or fought over some discarded offal.

Close by was a makeshift corral, containing two or three spotted, ugly ponies. (An Indian will invariably turn down a good horse for a speckled and spotted pony). The Indian men were sitting on the ground outside their door, smoking and speaking in short guttural sentences; while their squaws did all the work, and several dirty, little half-naked children ran here and there. This is their life; they seem to wish nothing more. Occasionally we saw a squaw-man or even a more ambitious Indian who had built a couple of buildings and had a band of sheep or a few cattle; but the majority of the Indians preferred not to work and seemed contented and fairly healthy despite the extreme squalor in which they lived. How unlike their bold, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and leonine bearing, theme of touching ballad and hero of pathetic tale, is gone! As a race, they are withering from the land. Let us, their exterminators, pay due tribute to their unhappy lot as a people.

While we were still a great many miles out on the wild, arid, and dusty expanse of the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, the mighty Rockies seemed to rise on the horizon, an immense rampart of peak after peak with their barren rocky crowns and fantastic crags rising like sentinels set to guard the beauties in their midst. After we had passed the little Indian town of Browning, with its picturesque, wizened old Indians sitting on the sidewalks, the road began to climb and wind in among the foothills. The scenery changed from the scorched brown of the treeless plain to the cool green of the pine-covered hills. It was in these hills that Blackfeet used to camp

in the Spring to watch the northward movement of the buffalo from the Sweet Grass Hills and Bear Paw Mountains to the South. Here, too, they came to get straight lodge-pole pines for their tepee-poles and travois. The road came to an end in a little valley, called Many Glaciers, about 20 miles after we had passed that little packing-box store marked "Babb Post Office." Here we pitched our little camp, nestled at the foot of Grinnell Mountain, just where the stately Alpine firs thinned and gave way to a little clearing on the edge of a deep blue lake, surrounded by a palisade of peaks, a sequestered retreat far from the trepidations of civilization, a quiet refuge devoid of all noises save nature's own. Our camp was very unpretentious: two small tents, a hollowed-out stump with a wash-bowl in it, a great Douglas fir log that served as both bench and chopping block, and a little circle of smoke-blackened stones to keep within bounds the leaping flames of our fire. We spent our days on the shores of any one of several small lakes, with fishing rod in hand and nothing in our minds but the beauty of nature around us. When evening came and the sun was beginning to drop down over that great jagged wall of spires and peaks that marks the Continental Divide, and the blue of the day and then the grey of twilight dissolved before the oncoming glories of night, we could be found hurrying down the winding trails to our little encampment. By the time the cold breezes from the perennial snows and glacial ices began to creep up the narrow canyons and ravines, we were comfortably seated in the radiant heat of the fire, eating a supper of trout, fresh from the icy waters of glacier-fed lakes.

Mr. Blackwood knew his native state

from one end to the other. He was such a man as one reads about in western stories—over six feet tall. One finger, gone from his right hand, had been caught and crushed between the rope of his lariat and the post of a corral; and he talked with a slow drawl that is used so often in characterizing Westerners. In the evenings after supper, while we watched the nodding bear-grass become indistinct in the intensifying darkness and listened to the beaver spank the dark surface of the lake with his leathery tail, Mr. Blackwood would tell stories, interesting but sometimes far from the truth. I remember one of his favorites was about Iceberg Lake, a lake which actually existed about seven miles from our camp, and derived its name, because it contained hundreds of flating icebergs which broke from a glacier on its shore. According to his story, the water of this lake was too cold for any ordinary trout, but it was full of fur-fish. Yes, fur-fish—fish which had a thick coating of fur and which could be caught only by heating one's hook red hot and using as bait a special species of angleworm imported from Alaska. Then, when in a more serious mood, he would tell the true stories of how the Blackfeet had fought in deep snow-drifts in the Piegan Pass, a mile or two from our camp, to keep the Flatheads, Piegans, and Nez Perce Indians out of their hunting territory. Or again, he would tell about Custer's battles with Chief Crazy Horse, or about Chief Joseph's masterly retreat over the backbone of the Continent into Idaho.

Thus we spent our evenings; and when conversation began to lull and all other sounds had died out but the crackling and splitting of the pine needles in our fire, we too would go to bed, each with his warm stone from

the fire to help dispel the intense cold, which all our blankets could not. Then, emboldened by our departure, the little rock-checks would venture forth and gnaw at our provision boxes; the chipmunks would frolic about on our tent roofs; and an occasional bear would be attracted by our cast-off fish-heads and other refuse, and by his sniffing and groaning would join hands

with the cold in sending little chills up and down my spine.

This great celestial wall, with its snowy pinnacles and spires and green glaciers and cerulean lakes, was once a barrier to transportation; but now it is a goal to which thousands are going yearly and, with each visit, are becoming more appreciative of the beauties of this Switzerland in America.

Don Wayne Fawcett, '34.

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES—OVID

This missive sends Penelope
To thee, o errant Ulixé:
Pray pen no lover's letter, dear,
But let thy presence quell my fear.
O surely Troy, that hated land,
Is fallen now 'neath Grecian hand!
And would that ere the Trojan's son
Fair Sparta's sunny shores had won,
Wild waves had wreck'd his ill-bent
ship
And clutched him with their wrathful
grip!
Had that been so, I would not wait,
With bated breath, for thee, my mate;
Nor would these endless days be spent
In gloom, if thou wert homeward-
bent.
For does not Eros always feel
Full greater perils than the real?
Oh, Love is full of anxious fear,
When loved is not to lover near.

I always paled at Hector's name,
For great indeed has been his fame:
Brave Nestor's son engaged in fight....
Brave Nestor's son lay dead that night
Patroclus tried to avenge his foe....
The mighty Trojan laid him low.
Neoptolemus led on his braves....
Now his is one of many graves.
Whene'er I heard of Grecian's fate,
I feared for thee, beloved mate;

But lover pure is ne'er forgot
By him who hath his passion wrought.

Now altar fires shine forth again
To thank the gods for unscathed men.
Forsaken brides once more are gay
And grieve no more for great delay:
Thy wife, alas, is still alone,—
Can she thy ling'ring e'er condone?
While others voice triumphal songs,
She muses o'er thy many wrongs.
The others list with straining ears
To thrilling tales of ten long years:
The table-top is used to show
Where dwelt our hatred foreign foe.
And as the merry guests all dine,
One traces Troy with scanty wine;
"The murm'ring Simois runs here,
The land Sigeum lies quite near;
Achilles here, Ulysses there,
And Hector flashing everywhere."

Should I rejoice at Trojan fall,—
That thou hast razed their mighty
wall?

Ah no, dear love; e'en now I yearn
To greet thee on thy late return.
But stay! Put up thy waken'd pen;
I would thy love would burn again.
This boon I ask,—for you, dear heart;
Let Eros loose and speed his dart.

N. F. Ebb, '35.

LITERARY ODDITIES

Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of England, once said to Jonathan Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." Simple and harmless words, but—"For God's sake, madame," exclaimed the satirist, falling at her feet, "don't say so in England, for if you do, they will certainly tax it!"

Robert Burns, well acquainted with the "close thrift" of his compatriots, was one day standing on the quay at Greenock, when a widely-known, wealthy merchant fell into the harbor. The floundering tradesman would surely have been drowned, had not a passing sailor plunged in and, at the risk of his own life, saved the drowning man. The grateful merchant, upon recovering from his water-shock, put his hand into his pocket and generously presented the sailor with a shilling! The crowd, which had by this time gathered, protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a typical scornful smile, entreated them to restrain themselves: "For," he said, "the gentleman is, of course, the best judge of the value of his own life."

About the time that the Duke of York married his daughter to the Prince of Orange, a London poet offered fifty pounds for a word to rhyme with "porringer" (which the dictionary calls "a small dish, having straight sides, and sometimes ears"). The next morning the papers contained:

"The Duke of York a daughter had;

He gave the prince of Orange her;
You see, my friend, I've found a
word

Will rhyme with yours of porringer."

(And then, Zounds! He takes his pounds!)

One poet to another: "What we read from your pen, we remember *no more!*" The answer: "What we read from *your* pen, we remember *before!*" (What you read from our pen, must make you snore (or sore)!

Samuel Coleridge told the tale of an amateur performer in verse," who expressed a desire to be introduced to him, but hesitated in accepting a friend's offer to perform the necessary civilities on the score that he was the author of a very severe epigram on *The Ancient Mariner*, which had given Coleridge great pain. "I assured my friend," says Coleridge, "that even if the epigram was a good one, it would increase my desire to become acquainted with the author, and I begged to hear it recited, when to my no less surprise than amusement, it proved to be one which I had, myself, some time before, written and inserted in the *Morning Post*.

*To the Author of "The Ancient
Mariner"*

Your poem must eternal be,

Dear sir, it cannot fail,

For 'tis incomprehensible

And without head or tail.

(Which helps to make you Sophomores feel quite justified to fail . . .)





Mary Lane Wilder brings to us all the thrill of the Pioneer days in "Let the Hurricane Roar." Out on the barren plains of the Middle West, a young married couple has staked "all"..... Then came the locusts—disagreeable, revolting parasites that drop their hideous forms upon everything in sight.....The crops are ruined.....The husband must go East to find work.....The wife remains alone in an underground hovel to endure the Western winter and to wait——But "Let the Hurricane Roar!" The drama is intense, the spirit contagious; the scenes are touching and human. There is little romantic action—just a pure, simple, touching tale.

Speaking of locusts, David Garnett evidently finds them a savory dish to tickle the palate. "The Grasshoppers Come" is a short, smooth novel, built around three people and an unsuccessful non-stop flight, which lands in an Asiatic desert. The lovers leave the pilot and go to "seek succor." Into the midst of the situation comes a swarm of locusts—large, fat, delicious-looking fellows, that pop so appetizingly over the fire! The hunger-

stricken man gorges upon the creatures until help comes—and then he insists on taking with him a few bags full! The story was most enjoyable when my eyes were heavy. The two men and the woman do not form a triangle, nor is there anything to suggest a wild, exciting plot. Well, there you have it—just locusts and locusts!

All of which does not bring us to "Parnassus on Wheels," by Christopher Morley. It is a book for book-lovers — simple and concise. What else is to be had? None of Mr. Morley's essays on poetry or philosophy; no traces of "Pipefuls" or "Shandygaff"—just a very, very simple story about a traveling bookstore—too short to be boring—too simple to be choked over! . . . And then there's one of Morley's books on—books—"Ex Libris Carissimis" . . . A few lectures on books, delivered at Philadelphia, and there's your book about books. Easy, fast reading; rambling, digestive thoughts; and when you've finished, everything's jumbled into a pleasant concoction. Many thoughts stick—the rest leave a pleasing taste.

Sidney Sulkin, '35.

RAMBLINGS OF THE "REGISTER'S" RAVING REPORTER



November 12. Colonel Carmody and his 32 little kaydets measured up with the best of them in the exhibition in the Boston Garden. Their performance was as short and sweet as a cup of punch at the lunch counter. By-the-by, the boys got paid for their labor . . . (Twenty centimes carfare.)

November 13. Classes 4, 5, and 6 listened to a talk on "Honor." The assembly was cut short by a fire drill . . . Thomas Hardy was discussed in the library by the Literary Club this P. M. "He looked at the world through blue glasses. He was as cheerless as a Scotchman who put a penny into a spearmint gum slot and expected to get juicy fruit. It was once said that a New York Detective agency spent a year trying to find a laugh in his books."

November 14. Results of the College Board examinations show that "les femmes" had infinitely better success in the languages. There ought to be a law against that! . . . Those theatrically inclined have been assembling in 106 in relays: 1st class, one day; 2nd class, the next; etc., etc.

November 15. To whom it may concern: The declamation competition took place today. A large mass meeting for the purpose of rehearsing cheers and songs was held in the drill hall. "Herr Choch" Fitzgerald was at his best in the role of master of ceremonies.

November 16. The Commerce-Latin battle was cancelled because of frigid weather and hard ground. Several hundred ignoramuses, thinking that they would receive leave of absence so that they might attend the conflict, were caught napping in their last period recitations. (Me, too.) "Herr" Fitzgerald announced that no more scrimmages would be held this year. He feared that injuries to his "stars" might result.

November 17. The Class One legislature voted on the current questions: shorter hours and two-way escalators. President R. Penrose Sullivan (of the Audubon Road Sullivans) announced that Singer Rembrandt is the Class Photographer. The price is \$3.50 for one dozen portraits. They throw in one enlarged semblance of your "phiz" (for the piano) and one for the Year Book . . . And now, fellahs, how about paying your dues? (Are you listenin', Ober?) . . . New notions!!! Instruction by radio!! Three weeks of each month should be spent listening to Ed Wynn, Bing Crosby, Winnie the Pooh, and last, a Latin class. The fourth week the poor, overburdened student would be forced to attend school to take examinations. Report cards would be sent by air-mail to our parents.

November 20. The argumentative section of our population convened . . . A debate on the question of controlling

liquor provided the entertainment. The debate was rather dry, but the arguments were all wet . . . Ho! hum!! Classes 4, 5, and 6 had a short assembly. A representative of the Morgan Memorial solicited aid for the needy. Davis, Class 5, contributed the entertainment. It has been suggested that Joseph, 208, do a juggling act at the next assembly. The sponsor of this plan claims that the students will be thoroughly awakened when they see and hear the "Old Maestro" juggle milk bottles.

November 21. Nothing happened today: no murders, no arson, no larceny, no bamboozlements, no embezzlements, no kidnapping, no hi-jacking, the usual quota of marks was issued, and Mr. Henderson lost his glasses. Otherwise, "pax regnat."

November 22. School was dismissed at 1:45 in order that the faculty could attend Mr. Pennypacker's funeral. The Latin-Mechanic Arts game was postponed in respect to our beloved former Head Master . . . Word comes from the drill hall that the companies are not up to last year's standard. It is expected, however, that by "June" we "May" be able to "March" . . . Freaks of the school: the boy who buys only one frankfurter in the lunch-room Tuesday; the fellow in the band who actually plays an instrument; the 1st classman who hasn't a well-developed "superiority complex"; der knabe who enjoys reading every line of the REGISTER; the "guy" who writes the "Raving Reporter."

November 23. The more versatile members of the football squad were dismissed at 12.30. Those holding tickets to the game got out at 1:45. Latin walloped the Mechanics, 21-7. How 'o go, fellows!!

November 24. Classes 1, 2, and 3

comprised a rather noisy audience at the public decimation, although it was observed that some people caught up on their sleep.

November 27. Torrielli, addressing the Literary Club, gave an excellent talk on the poetry of the Court of Charlemagne. Since nobody knew enough about the subject to ask a question, the meeting broke up early. . . . The Head Master addressed classes 2 and 3 on "The Status of Promotion." Each member of the football squad received two complimentary tickets per caput. A lengthy signal practise took place in the drill hall.

November 28. The REGISTER made its appearance. A teacher of 6th class hygiene remarked to his pupils that he knew a man who had six fingers on each hand. A voice in the rear of the room replied, "That's nothing; my Aunt Minnie, from Oshkosh, has fore-arms!"

November 29. The day before the big day after . . . Mr. Shea, by mistake, took 250 volts of electricity and is thankful he didn't take any more! . . . Big "pep" meeting!! A host of famous alumni spoke, rather falteringly, to a host of undergraduates. The Purple and White held final practise . . . The better half of the chess and checker club met on the north steps of the school at 2:45.

November 30. English 20, Latin 7. The less said the better . . . Some rascals painted the goal-posts near the grandstand a bright purple. However, the workmen at Fenway Park repainted the uprights white before the crowd gathered.

December 1. Football dance at the Hotel Kenmore. "Ted" Coy, an alumnus, and his Blak-Nites supplied excellent music. The quartette—Supple, Kevin Sullivan, et al—was a little off

key. A good time was had by everyone . . . Ask Creed!

December 2. We went to see Santa Claus today. He promised us a good track team, a much-improved REGISTER, and a super-mali-gorgeous debating club. In these times of depression, the baker seems to be the only one making any "dough!"

December 4. Wot a day!! Wot a world!! Report cards issued . . . And wot report cards !!! At a meeting of the REGISTER staff, a story, "A Night in Paris," was suggested for publication. Bravo', son, that's the first sign of "We aim to satisfy our readers" this sheet has shown since Pompey crossed the Rubicon; or do I mean Napoleon crossed the Delaware? And need I repeat? Classes 4, 5, and 6 listened to Mr. Powers' warnings against rowdiness on street cars—and to his praise of good sportsmanship . . . Extra! Extra! Debating Club has new deal. Congratulations to our new haranguers—Parker, Daunt, and Blackman. The debate with Brown has been postponed. Norwood High will be the first opponent. Reports from that neck of the woods indicate that the visitors' team includes two beautiful female orators . . . These announcements are not solicited or paid for.

December 5. With the leave and consent of our dear readers, we beg to announce that nothing of import occurred on the fifth day of December in the year of our Lord, 1933. Therefore, we shall write nothing . . . Which is what we always write!

December 6. The Stamp Club met today; but where or why we don't know, and care less . . . A fellow fell off the roof of the hospital at 4:30 P. M. He landed on top of a car, and broke two legs and an arm . . . The

football picture was taken at Purdy's . . . Walter Belekwicz was unanimously elected captain of the 1934 eleven. Good luck, Bull! . . . The automobile—or should I say Ford?—of one of the players ran out of gasoline in the middle of Washington Street, Boston. He left it parked in front of a hydrant for two hours while he had his likeness reproduced on paper, and "mirabile dictu," he didn't get tagged.

December 7. An attempt was made to roll a jug of cider down the stairs opposite 208. Dear, dear—it looks like a case of another genius gone awry . . . More than one hundred reported for Track in the drill hall. Mr. Fitzgerald cited the rules of eligibility . . . Shot-putters, high jumpers, and Chandler won't report until after Christmas holidays.

December 8. Exclusion blanks were issued to ex-footballers who did not return all their equipment . . . The Cotidie soccer game between the Roslindale "Gulappers" and the Jamaica Plain "Bumpsters" was kicked in a third-floor corridor. A spoon head was used in place of the usual ball . . . The track stars started pounding the pavements today. It sounds like a swell senior division.

December 11. Here's some hot news: Did you know that Gleason Leonard Archer is a P.G.? (Possible graduate). . . . The better half of the school—'hrrumph—assembled in the hall. The Head Master announced the results of the College Boards as tabulated by Mr. Dunn. As usual, dear old B. L. S. grabbed off most of the honors . . . And now, dear reader, let me introduce a novelty into this column. The following letters, when put in the right order, will spell the name of some teacher: a "Mr." must be pre-

fixed before each — lcehtge, sanomr, hfcern, dyofgre, odlr . . . Are you guessing, huh?

December 12. Mr. Lee Dunn of the faculty recently procured the wonderful bowling score of 137. Isn't that some kind of record? The outlook of the faculty bowling team is particularly bright, since no one was lost by graduation or ineligibility . . . The sturdy walls of this edifice are receiving a long-needed bath. The presence of the painters seems to have inspired the blackboard artists. The usual droning of a Latin conjugation will be accompanied by the swishing of a brush. (There will be some doubt as to which is the Latin).

December 13. "Swede" Nelson, coach of the Harvard backfield and one of our "friendly rivals," showed moving pictures of the Yale games of the 1932 football season. The pictures were accompanied by a humorous talk. All in all, the show was wool worth the dime!

December 14. Just another day. Mr. Cheetham published a list of lost locker keys . . . Sh-sh-sh!—Don't tell anybody, but during our daily wandering we visited the projection room—opposite the library one flight up—and had a ride on the elevator.

December 15. Believe it or not—over a thousand enthusiastic people jammed into the Boston Latin School auditorium to hear the debate: Norwood High School vs. Boston Latin School. Several thousand disappointed enthusiasts crowded at the doors try-

ing to gain entrance to the already filled hall. It is expected that it will be necessary to hire Boston Garden to accommodate the huge audience that will attend the coming debate between B. L. S. and Bates Freshmen. Norwood's Amazon stole the show. Fortunately, no decision as to the winner was announced.

December 18. According to the annual statements recently published, Boston Latin School A. A. at the end of the fiscal year is still in the "red." The deficit this year amounts to 100,000 marks.

December 19. "Pa Chance" and "Mamma Eligibility" put a damper on Latin's track hopes. Scannell, an excellent distance man, broke his arm; and Leary, sensational 600-yarder, was suddenly declared a post-graduate . . . Tough luck, boys!

December 20. Paint — Paint — and more paint! Several rapsallions borrowed some of the painters' sponges and took great delight in hitting passing pupils with the soaking wet missiles . . . Boy, was my neck wet!

December 21. The Class 1 Congress went into session today to decide the shape, size, and price of the class rings and pins. As is the custom of most Congresses, they levied another tax on the pocketbook . . . \$7.30 is top price for a ring . . . Mr. Lord has arranged his Physics class so that boys sitting next to each other are taking different tests . . . We wonder why!

Happy New Year!

Avingra Egisterra Eporterra.



DO YOU BELIEVE THAT

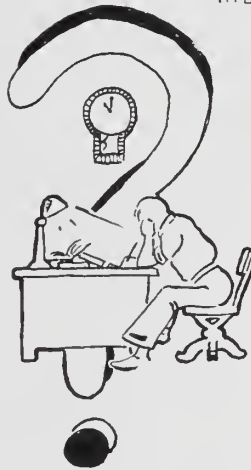


THERE IS
A **SANTY
CLAVS!!**
(HOPE WE'RE
NOT DISILLUSIONING
THE SIXTH CLASS)



THE CHIEF
INDUSTRY OF
IRELAND
IS THE
BREEDING
AND EXPORTING
OF
POLICEMEN!

PUPILS OF BOSTON
LATIN SCHOOL HAVE
BULGED BROWS, WEAR
HORN-RIMMED SPECTACLES,
SLEEP TEN HOURS A
NIGHT, AND SPEAK
• **GREEK** •



"THE PUPIL MUST TAKE HOME
BOOKS NIGHTLY FOR HOME STUDY
AND DEVOTE

AT LEAST **3 HOURS**

FOR THAT PURPOSE"



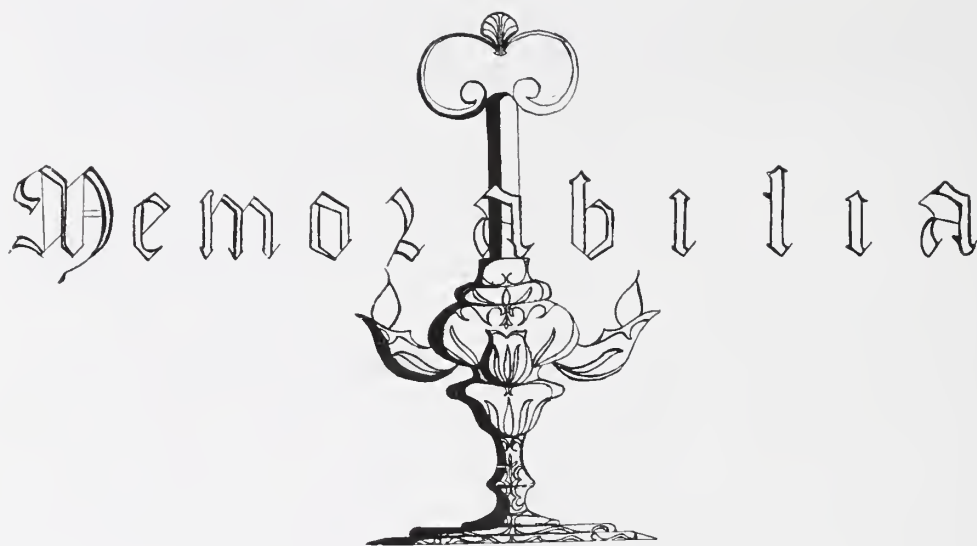
A STUDENT AT
HAWVAWD, EVEN IF HE
LEARNS NOTHING, IS
GIVEN A FINE POLISH **UP**

LEVENSON ¹²⁻¹⁹ DRAWN IN BOSTON

We had a number of threats—not only complaints—about the statement in last month's issue "that all boys named CLAUDE, etc.".....We therefore call the attention of the readers of the REGISTER not only to the column itself, but also to the title, and we ask that everything printed in this column be taken in the way it is meant.....Bricks can't be made without straw?.....There is also a five — and a seven — year course at Latin School?.....We will print your name in this column (and even publicize green pants) for half the price that the Raving Reporter asks?.....No one believes anything in this column?.....The jokes in the REGISTER are funny and that Mr. Marson actually laughed at one?.....There is never a sharp pencil in a telegraph office? (Or an "extra pencil" in a Math test?).....A man in a Tuxedo can't be distinguished from a waiter?

S. Emerson Golden, '35.

Howard Lercenson, '34.



THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE "REGISTER"

December, 1913. ("Ad" in REGISTER): "Chamberlain hats, all Izzers, no Wazzers." Do you get me? . . . Rifles have been issued to the Regiment and our tin soldiers are now busy with their manual-of-arms . . . F. C. D., '61, has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh. (Give up?) . . . The bond of good fellowship existing in this school has always been a subject for favorable comment and now seems stronger than ever. (We could use a little in '33.)

December, 1918. Last spring the REGISTER predicted that Wilhelm would be the "Last of the Kaisers." Not that we want to praise ourselves, but . . . "Me und Gott" was not a successful firm. Let's have no more bickering between the larger and smaller boys (They must have had a new building, too.) . . . Of course, those haughty men of the First Class will for once be nothing loath to admit that, after all, they are but children, when they tender a half-fare ticket on the street car . . . A very eventful year.

December, 1923. Submit every original joke you ever heard. The REGISTER needs about two two thousand. (Hear ye!) . . . Yet the cheering was unsurpassed as Mr. Pennypacker entered the hall, and all showed their love for him by standing as he came to the platform . . . You can't string beans . . . A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men . . . Recently we could hear whispers traveling about that the Latin School was losing its characteristic spirit. Let that not be so . . . Oyster stew and oysters, too!

December, 1928. The result of the election of November sixth seems to indicate to many people the end of the Democratic party as a national organization. Indeed, the Democrats are in a predicament! But we may be sure that the next eight years will be much more interesting politically than the last eight. (How true.) . . . For the fourth successive year, B. L. S. has won the scholarship trophy offered by the Harvard Chapter of the National Phi Beta Kappa Society.

J. A. Sullivan, '34.

SCISNE—?

When Brutus asked Caesar how many eggs he had eaten that morning, Caesar said, "Et tu, Brute." . . . The REGISTER would have fine cartoon material if some of the boys would be so kind as to submit the backs of their "Dec" Programs . . . "Boni leges Caesaris" was translated "the bony legs of Caesar" . . . The deportment of a pupil varies as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk! . . . Joseph O'Gorman, Editor-in-Chief of the REGISTER in 1897, wrote a story that ran a whole year . . . The school parade in May, 1887, was participated in by 1163 cadets and officers . . . Not long ago the following system of marking was suggested by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to "Dumb" Students," but was never adopted by the faculty:

F means Fine (100-90)

F means Fair (90-75)

F means Faulty (75-60)

F means Failure (60-10)

The marking is hard on the students, but it doesn't make much difference . . . Parallel lines are lines that don't meet until they're bent . . . That algebra does NOT come from "algos" (the Greek word for "pain") . . . Before 1921 the captains of the prize-winning companies received silk banners instead of engraved certificates . . . An old "ad" in the REGISTER says, "A rich old lady, cured of Deafness and Pains in the Head, gave \$10,000 to Dr. Nicholson's Institute for Artificial Ear-drums, so that deaf people unable to procure ear-drums may have them free" . . . The work of the debating club speaks for itself . . . The former glee clubs were "howling" successes . . . In 1889 there was a sword contest for officers . . . The Year Book for 1900 had only 14 pages . . . "Elle s'assit au coin de l'âtre et fondit en larmes" was translated, "She sat down at the corner of the hearth and folded her arms" . . .

Au Reservoir,
Harry Pollard, '35.

ALUMNI NOTES

Henry Bouchie, '33, is out for basketball at Epiphany Apostolic College, Newburg, N. Y.

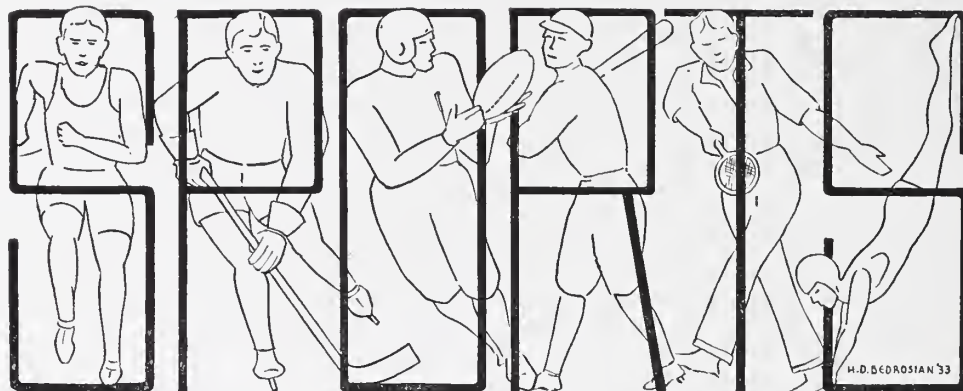
George Mahoney, '33, is a member of the Harvard Freshman Hockey Team; Tom Bilodeau, '32, is a member of the same team.

Warren H. Casey, '30, and David E. Kopans, '30, have been elected to the Class Day Committee at Harvard.

The following boys of the Class of '33 have received Price Greenleaf

Scholarships at Harvard: Kenneth C. Bernstein, George A. Brown, Saul G. Cohen, Milton Elkin, James A. Foley, William A. Haley, Jr., William E. Kenney, and Maurice H. Heins.

Peter Megalonakis, '33, was awarded the Matthews Scholarship; Leo Orris, '33, the Boston Newsboys' Scholarship; Abraham Robbins, the Mitchell Freiman Scholarship; and William J. Sullivan, the Parmenter Scholarship.



SEEING RED

In the dullest encounter of the current campaign, our highly touted Latin eleven was held to an ignominious scoreless deadlock by an underrated Dorchester aggregation, which showed surprising offensive as well as defensive strength. A crowd of some 3000 huddled together in the stands, finding no warmth in the sunshine, which proved more deceptive than our usual slippery little ace "Bud" McLaughlin, who was considerably hampered by the frost-bitten turf.

At the very outset, we appeared to be going places. On the third play in the opening stanza, "Hira" Hall, who was in Dorchester's hair all afternoon, recovered a fumble on the enemy 20-yard stripe. A Hoyer kick went awry, two line smashes were piled up, and McLaughlin stepped back to try a field goal from placement. The entire Dorchester line smothered the attempt, and the same faltering attack which characterized the trade shindig appeared again.

A few seconds later, another Dorchester bobble was recovered by Hall with "Howie" Casey as an accessory, on the opposition's 30-yard ribbon. Again Hoyer took to the air. After a

short pass from "Rud" to Foley had carried four yards, three successive aerial tries failed to connect as the period ended.

The opportunities in the first chapter were the only scoring chances for either team, although Dorchester was always dangerous, with "Bud" Fish flashing on reverse shots at the left side of the Latin line, which crumbled as the end was repeatedly forced inside the play.

The remainder of the drab affair was devoid of thrills, the only illuminating effects being produced by "Bud" Davis' all-round activity, Dowd's line play, and a beautifully executed pass, Foley to Hoyer.

The following were included in the Latin phalanx: L. E.—Hall, Anglin, Cuddy, Feinman, Pendergast; L. T.—Donovan; L. G.—Crehan, Cutter; C.—Casey, Benson; R. G.—Tully; R. T.—Dowd; R. E.—Davis; Q. B.—Hoyer; L. H. B.—McLaughlin; R. H. B.—Foley; F. B.—Beleciewicz, Dean.

FIXING MECHANICS

Bringing new hope to the hearts of its supporters, a Latin team, which had been somewhat of a disappointment

ment all season, rose to new heights to crush a Mechanic Arts eleven, 21-7, on the afternoon of November 23. A powerful line, which cleared the way for Foley, Hoyer and McLaughlin, was instrumental in the downfall of the Artisans.

"Rud" Hoyer put us on the road to victory, when, midway in the first period, he kicked to the Mechanics 5-yard line. The return boot was downed on the Buff and Blue 25-yard stripe, and our offensive got under way. McLaughlin and Lawler smashed to the 8-yard line, from which point Hoyer plunged off tackle for the touchdown. The now famous Hoyer-to-McLaughlin pass accounted for the extra point.

Early in the third period, another fine kick by Hoyer rolled offside on the Mechanics 7-yard marker, and paved the way for our second score. After Foley had run the return kick back to the Artisans' 30-yard stripe, McLaughlin heaved a pass to "Bud" Davis, who gathered it in on the 10-yard line and was finally nailed at the six. "Buddy Mac" was thrown for a five-yard loss, but Frank Foley spun to the one-yard stripe. "Rud" Hoyer hit the line for the touchdown and also drop-kicked the extra point.

In the final stanza, we launched an air attack, which appeared about to result in a touchdown. After "Bucky" Benson had intercepted a pass and run it back 40 yards, Foley galloped around left end to the Mechanic 30-yard stripe. However, with the aid of a penalty, the Artisans took the ball on downs on their 10-yard line and promptly proceeded to march 90 yards for a touchdown on long passes, a holding penalty, and several rushes. A place-kick accounted for the extra point.

Our last score came with the crowd

streaming for the exits, when Frank Foley, who covered himself with glory all afternoon, raced 45 yards for a touchdown. Belecewicz cracked center to add the point.

The following took part in the fray: Anglin, Belecewicz, Benson, Casey, Crehan, Cutter, Davis, Dever, F. Donovan, W. Donovan, Dowd, Feinman, Foley, Hoyer, Lawlor, M. Laughlin, Motchell, Moore, Nee, O'Callaghan, Pendergast, Smith, and Sullivan.

HORRIBLE DICTU!

Striking furiously in the first period, faltering in the second, and overwhelmed thereafter, a fighting Latin eleven went down to defeat at the hands of a dynamic aggregation from English in the 45th Annual Turkey-Day Festival, 20-7.

Led by the guiding hand, or mercury feet, of Roger Battles, the Blue and Blue struck with a vengeance in the second half, piercing our frontier with finely executed smashes, spinners, and occasional aerials. It was a hard, clean battle, fiercely fought, with every contestant giving all he had.

Without question, the English line functioned in a manner which left nothing to be desired; and Battles, Munichello, and their compatriots romped through gaping holes.

On our side of the fence, "Joe" Crehan, though facing all-scholastic Agrillo, "Cutie" Cutter, "Jackie" Dever, and the blocking demon—"Bela" Belecewicz shone on the defense, in which position we found ourselves most of the morning.

English got a break at the very outset of the opening session, when "Rud" Hoyer's kick carried only ten yards to the Purple "40." But Belecewicz removed the tension by intercepting on the "37". Hoyer booted immediately,

and Roger Battles, horrified, watched the oval ooze out of his hands, where Dowd graciously appropriated it on the Blue-and-Blue 27-yard line. McLaughlin slashed through tackle for four, and "Rud" Hoye contributed a first down on the enemy "11." From this point, Frank Foley took the situation into his own hands, galloping around left end. He out-manoeuvred Battles and Costello, and slid over for the initial score, while the purple stands went wild. With the entire Blue backfield covering the "B. & M." "Bud" Davis felt slighted and scored the extra point on a pass from Hoye.

Following the touchdown, the expected extra drive did not materialize; on the contrary, there was a decided lapse. English was not slow to take advantage. McLaughlin picked up five, and Foley lugged beautifully for 20 yards, our last first down until the final period. As the second session got under way, Hoye spiraled to Battles, who took it over his shoulder, zoomed across the midstripe, and raced 34 yards before he was hauled down by "Buck" Benson.

From here Munichello and Battles took turns at tearing our line to shreds until the latter slithered through center for the touchdown. It was Munichello's turn, and he crashed the line for the tying point.

In the third quarter "Buddy" McLaughlin received the kickoff, and squirmed 25 yards before he was trapped. But the tide had turned, and Hoye was forced to kick. "Juggernaut" Munichello plowed 17 yards, and the Blue was off for its second touchdown. A pass, Little to Battles, then two successive first downs, and Munichello dove over from the three-yard line. "Jerry" O'Callaghan and "Joe" Crehan smothered the extra-point plunge.

The final Blue touchdown was the direct result of a break. The kickoff was fumbled and Costello recovered for English on our 38. Finding the lights green all the way, Munichello bulleted for 15, and on two attempts, Little carried over, the former converting from placement.

At this point, the Latin eleven gave an exhibition of grit which should have been rewarded, had Dame Fortune condescended to crack even the semblance of a smile. Twice perfect touchdown passes missed fire by a hair, the first Hoye to Cuddy; the second, Foley to Bigwood.

The following have earned a major "L": R. E.—Davis, Pendergast, Cuddy; R. T.—Dowd, W. Donovan; R. G.—Cutter, Tully, Smith; C.—Dever, Benson, H. Casey; L. G.—Crehan, J. Casey; L. T.—O'Callaghan, Nee; L. E.—Donovan, Feinman; Q. B.—Hoye, Bigwood; L. H. B.—McLaughlin; R. H. B.—Foley, Lawler; F. B.—Belecewicz, Dean, Blue.

Beaten, but not outfought!

R. O. Ulin, '34.

POST MORTEM

WILLIAM OHRENBERGER, Coach
of E. H. S.:

"Naturally I am happy. It was a well-contested game, featured by clean sportsmanship. McLaughlin and Belecewicz were outstanding; the former for his ground-gaining ability and fierce tackling, the latter for his efficient blocking and savage defensive work."

CHARLES F. FITZGERALD, Coach
of B. L. S.

"It was the best English High team I have ever seen, and it was no disgrace to be beaten." When asked about the relative abilities of Battles, Munichello

lo, and McLaughlin, Coach Fitzgerald replied, "I'd like to have all three of them. Munichello looks and hits like a college performer. This was English's turn, but it is our turn next year!"

DAVE KOPANS, Alumni Representative:

"It was a great battle on both sides. Ever since I can remember, English has had a good power play and spinner, and they gained ground consistently on them between the tackles. Naturally, as a lineman, I looked for line play. The tackles did not shift with the play, with the result that the English wingback was able to throw terrific blocks. Crehan, Cutter and Belecewicz were great on defense, while McLaughlin and Foley shone offensively. After the first period we were never in a threatening position, and Hoyer was unable to shoot the works by calling on the 'ice cream' plays, especially designed to produce scores. We were licked, but we will be back next year."

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

The other morning we noted one ruddy-faced apple on the Master's pulpit in 206. It sounds like Cutter or Feinman—they're always doing the cutest things. . . . In the Brown-Harvard scrap did you notice that the instant the Bruin threatened, "Dave" Kopans and Warren Casey, two old Latinites, were rushed in to save the Crimson scalp. . . . In the Dorchester affair "Red" Tully, "Bud" Davis, and "Billy" Anglin stood out like an armadillo's proboscis. . . . The left side of our frontier crumbled before the Red and Black onslaught, Fish being the most frequent marauder. All told, six left ends saw

service. The cry was, "They're comin' around Feinman." . . . "Buddy" McLaughlin was offered some peanuts by our Iowan farmer, Don Wayne Fawcett, no strings attached. Buddy erwiderte, "Danke schön, aber ich esse Wheaties" . . . Woe is me: the Dorchester game is ancient history and would have been included in the last number if we didn't get such an infernal physics assignment, and such an abominable English homelesson, an act of "Omelet" a night, etc. . . . "Don" Hall played a bang-up game at end until he broke his arm diving for one of those pesky fumbles. Twice he was found caressing the pigskin after recovering loose balls, which presented us glowing opportunities. . . . According to Mr. Carroll, the first requirement for a debutante is a hair-trigger laugh. "Ducky" Lawlor and Paul Dowd may be heard daily, directed by "Cutie" Cutter. . . . In the Mechanics tilt "Dud" Hoyer was slightly peeved at the way in which the Artisans were depositing him on the turf. . . . The referee, however, calmed him down when he started applying "Bull" Martin's tactics — And Memorial held B. C. High to a scoreless tie. Is our face red? . . . Lawler and Casey were seen cavorting in the backfield. . . . The Mechanics rout afforded the "Doc" with customers galore. Casey, Crehan and "Dick" Lawler needed assistance, while nearly all the Artisans required doubles. . . . The most popular cheer! "We want the referee. We want the referee. Shot! Shot! Shot!" . . . The football heroes of other years attended the pre-English game rally in the hall. Among them were "Dave" Kopans, Warren Casey, "Tom" Bilodeau, "Ike" Sheehan and "Lefty" Lichtenstein. . . . In the holiday fracas "Jackie" Dever turned in his best performance of the

year, passing accurately, covering kicks, and tackling with his usual ferocity. . . Capt.-Elect Munichello of English was just about the whole works. His blocking and plunging were a potent factor in our downfall . . . Except for the lone touchdown, the Latin supporters had but one chance to cheer. Between the halves English attempted to put its alma mater song on the amplifiers. The machine, however, brought memories of a certain master's prehistoric Flivver, and the sudden gurgling which punctuated the song brought joy to Latin hearts. . . After perfecting trick plays all week, laterals, end arounds, double passes, etc., not a single one was used. These plays are most effective when the enemy is on the run, with the net result that they were of no use against English. . . Frank Foley turned in another sparkling performance. He was without question the most improved player on the squad. Hampered by early season injuries, he gradually returned to form and reached his zenith in the Mechanics and English games. Frank can kick, pass and run with the best of them. "Durn" shame he is

a senior . . . Where was Buddy's passing? . . . "Rocky" Stone had the right idea in the closing minutes. "The man Latin needs now is Frank Merriwell," drawled "Rocky," who has been going in for deep reading lately. . . At a meeting of the letter men "Bela" Belecewicz was unanimously elected captain of next year's grid forces. "Bela" was the best blocker on the squad, and his outstanding play clearly entitled him to the distinction. . . With Pendergast, Cuddy, Down, Donovan, Cutter, Tully, Bigwood, Lawler and Dean, the auguries predict a great season. The best of luck, "Bela!" . . . The Boston Latin School Rifle Association has been granted a charter by the National Rifle Association. Under Major Michael J. Lannon, the club has made splendid progress, and now consists of over 30 members. The officers are Charles Casey, President; Kevin Sullivan, Vice-President; Leo Canavon, Secretary-Treasurer and Louis Hecht, Executive Officer. . . These pesky drops are a nuisance. The deadline is tomorrow, Morpheus is calling — "O-O-O-I'm a night owl."

TRACK!

Prospects for a successful season look unusually bright, but this year's team will suffer the same fate as its predecessors if the necessary third and fourth placers do not stick with the squad. Every year we have had a number of stars with whom, as a nucleus, Coach Fitzgerald could have developed a team capable of beating English if there had been enough school spirit to furnish a squad of reasonable size.

Working out daily in the drill hall, the team is rapidly rounding into con-

dition. There is a wealth of material back from last year's squad. Among the Seniors are Frank Leary, Bigwood, Lawler, Sieve, Anderson, Fineman, and Santosuosso. The most promising Intermediate candidates are Captain "Al" Branca, "Al" Weiner, "Syl" Linchitz, "Ted" Rubin, MacMillan, Bennett, Champa and Powers. Leading the Juniors are Clement, Falcof, and Rosenfield.

A little fight, and we'll take English!

YE GAME

IT STARTED WHEN BUD RECOVERED AN ENGLISH FUMBLE ON THE ENEMY 20-YARD LINE

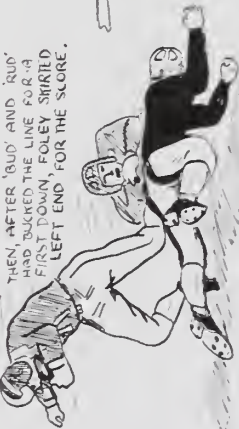


ENG-0
B.L.S.-7

AS USUAL, OUR OLD PAL, PAT CAMPBELL, WAS THERE.



THEN, AFTER 'BUD' AND 'RUD' HAD BUCKED THE LINE FOR A FIRST DOWN, FOLEY SHOTED LEFT END FOR THE SCORE.



A PASS FROM HOVE TO DAVIS MADE THE SCORE: LAIN-7, ENGLISH-0. EVERYONE HAD HIGH HOPES FOR A WIN

BELEWICZ HANDED OUT SOME TEETH-RATTLING TACKLES



WAIT A SECOND IT MIGHT LOOK LIKE ANOTHER 1/4 H.



'RUD HOVE'S LONG KICKING KEPT ENGLISH FROM MAKING MUCH PREL PRESS

FOLEY UNCOVERED A BEAUTIFUL 64-YARD TACKLE IN THE CLOSING MINUTES OF THE GAME



'JERRY' O'CALLAGHAN SNEAKED MUNCHELLO OF ENGLISH FOR A LOSS. AFTER ENGLISH HAD MARKED STUBBLY DOWN THE FIELD



'BUD' McLAUGHLIN WORMED THRU ALMOST THE ENTIRE ENGLISH TEAM TO MAKE A 20-YARD GAIN.

ENGLISH FOUND A STONE-WALL WHEN THEY TRIED TO BUCK 'THAZAN' CUTLER'S POSITION.



THE BOYS TOOK PACE & REFUSED TO BEAT A TACKLE



THE BOYS WERE DISMAYED BY THE SIGHT OF THE SNARLLE ENGLISH SQUAD

EXTERNAL NEWSPAPER SPELLS JOE CRETIN'S NAME CORRECTLY FOR REASONABLE JOE CRETIN JOE GREEN FLEET JOE GREEN

J. AL. CURRAN '34

JOKES

One day in Debating Club a member accused Archer of having stolen part of the argument of the other side.

"Archer," he declared, "has stolen the brains of the opposition."

Quick as a flash, Archer was on his feet, appealing to the chair on a point of order.

"Mr. Roland," he said impressively, "the honorable member has accused me of petty larceny!"

* * *

Pupil (in a recitation): Sir, words fail me.

Mr. Marson: *Words* fail many pupils.

* * *

We are surprised at you, Mr. Marson. Don't you know that "a pun is the lowest form of wit"?

(Answer: But the lowest is better than none at all!)

* * *

A spinster, shocked by the language used by two men repairing telegraph wires near her house, complained to the company. The foreman was ordered to report the matter to his superiors.

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job," his version read. "I was up on the telegraph pole and accidentally let hot lead fall on Bill, and it went

down his neck. Then he called up to me, 'You really must be more careful, Harry'."

A. B.

* * *

One Woman: I have an awful time every morning trying to make my son get up. How do you manage it with your boy?

Other Woman: Oh, my boy likes to get up so well that he goes back to bed two or three times every morning and then gets up when I call him again!

* * *

English Teacher: What did Juliet say when she met Romeo on the balcony?

First Classman: "Couldn't you get seats in the orchestra?"

* * *

She Needed Him

The old woman begged the Governor for clemency for her disreputable husband, who was in jail for stealing a hog.

"Why, my good lady, he is worthless; let him stay there," said the Governor.

"I know it, but we are out of bacon again," came the reply.



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Here are some of the advantages of a year at Bryant & Stratton after High School. In the first place you will mix with young men and women from & all over New England — all over the country for that matter. This trains you to meet people more readily — a distinct advantage in college and business.

Then, too, during the year that you would be at Bryant & Stratton you become more mature, acquire a better sense of values, and become older and more capable of handling your college work, and, consequently, would get more good out of it.

To some, however, the greatest advantage is that you can earn part of your college expenses with the knowledge of Shorthand, Typewriting, etc., that you have gained during the year between High School and College.

Come in to the school sometime to talk the matter over with me. I would be very glad to advise you.

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